VALIANT.
OCT NO.4
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TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
TM
RAGE INCARNATE

PROLOGUE:
O'BRIEN RANCH, NEAR HARRYHAUSEN, COLORADO...

RANCH FOREMAN STEVE SMITH HAS WORKED FOR THE O'BRIENS SINCE HE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY IN '71.
SWEET JUMPIN' HAY-ZOOSE.
HE'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO TELL YOU THAT THE BUSINESS OF TENDING COWS IS MOSTLY BOREDOM, BULL CHIPS, BACK ACHES AND BLISTERS.
STILL, WHEN THINGS HAPPEN ON A BIG RANCH LIKE THE O'BRIEN SPREAD, THEY USUALLY HAPPEN IN A BIG WAY.
A MAN GETS TO SEE A LOT IN TWENTY-TWO YEARS.
STEVE SMITH THOUGHT HE'D SEEN IT ALL.
K-CHUNK
LIFE'S FULL OF SURPRISES.

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER™ Vol.1 No.4, October,1993. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Voyager Communications Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, Secretary. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1993 Voyager Communications Inc. Turok and all other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are

TODAY, IT ISN'T SO MUCH THE BLOOD THAT BOTHERS HIM.
IT'S THE FOOTPRINTS.
CLINT? THIS HERE'S STEVE SMITH. I'M AT SAND CREEK. TELL MR. O'BRIEN THAT I FOUND HIS MISSIN' COWS.
WHAT'S THEIR STATUS, SMITTY?
THEIR STATUS? DEADER'N MICHAEL JACKSON'S COMPLEXION, COLLEGE BOY. WHATEVER KILLED 'EM TORE 'EM UP BAD.
I TRACKED IT TO THE BLUFF. SEND OUT THREE OR FOUR MEN TO LINK UP WITH ME. AND TELL 'EM TO BRING THEIR HUNTIN' RIFLES..

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DANGIT, CLINT, YOU SHOULD SEE THE SIZE OF THESE TRACKS! LIKE SOME KINDA BIG BIRD OR SOMETHIN'!
BIG BIRD? SURE, SMITTY, MAYBE ERNIE'S THERE, TOO...
HARDY-FREAKIN'-HAR-HAR.
I AIN'T JOKIN', PECKERWOOD. WHATEVER'S OUT HERE MADE A MEAL OF TWO USDA PRIME COWS...
... AND CARRIED OFF WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE THIRD!
YEAH. JUST CARRIED IT AWAY...
... LIKE A BIG MOMMY BIRD... BRINGIN' HOME SUPPER... TO ITS...
... YOUNG'UNS?
SAY AGAIN, SMITTY? DIDN'T HEAR THAT LAST PART...

HHEEEEAAAAARRRRNNK!
RAAAHNK!
YYIIII!

RRAARR
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
RRRRRRRRRR
SMITTY? WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
SMITTY...?

SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES SOUTH, IN ANOTHER STATE THE TANOAN FLATS INDIAN RESERVATION...
TRANSCRIPT; C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA, 2-23-93: AGENT KERMIT HAMME DEBRIEFING DOCTOR REGAN HOWELL...
AGENT: "I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, DR. HOWELL. THE AGENCY CAN CERTAINLY DEAL WITH THIS TUROK AFFAIR WITHOUT OUTSIDE HELP."
DR. HOWELL: "I WAS CALLED IN BECAUSE I'M A CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGIST, SPECIALIZING IN NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURE WITH A DEGREE IN PALEONTOLOGY.
"ORB INDUSTRIES AND MY UNIVERSITY FEAR THAT THE U.S. GOVERNMENT MIGHT TREAT TUROK LIKE SOME SORT OF COMMODITY--OR WORSE, AS A SIDESHOW FREAK."
AGENT: "WELL, NONE OF US IS REALLY SURE WHAT TUROK IS, ARE WE?"
DR. HOWELL: "WRONG. I'M SURE AT ORB'S REQUEST, YOUR SUPERIORS HAVE NAMED TUROK'S ESCORT.
"I'M HERE TO PROTECT HIS RIGHTS, HELP HIM ADJUST TO THE MODERN WORLD...AND TO LEARN ALL I CAN ABOUT HIS PAST."
AGENT: "SO. TO US HE'S A 'SIDESHOW FREAK.' BUT FOR YOU HE'S--WHAT...?
"...A LAB RAT?"
DR. HOWELL: "HARDLY. TUROK IS...
"...A LIVING DOORWAY INTO A LOST PAST."

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW
SHADES OF YESTERDAY
PART ONE
AGENT: "VERY POETIC."
"VERY WELL, DR. HOWELL. TUROK IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. WE WILL CONSIDER HIM TO BE IN YOUR CUSTODY."
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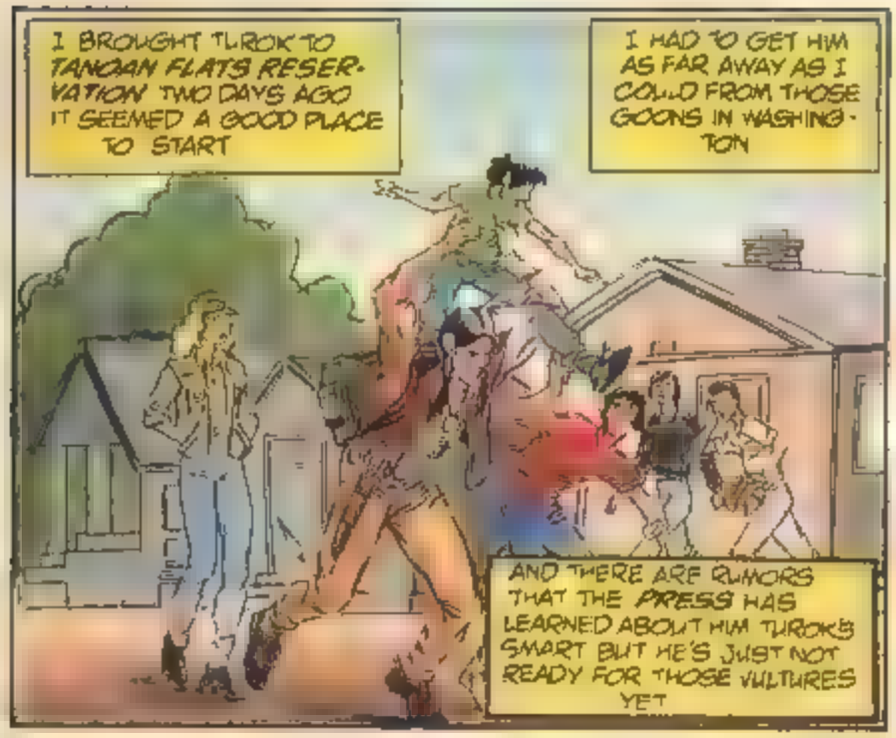
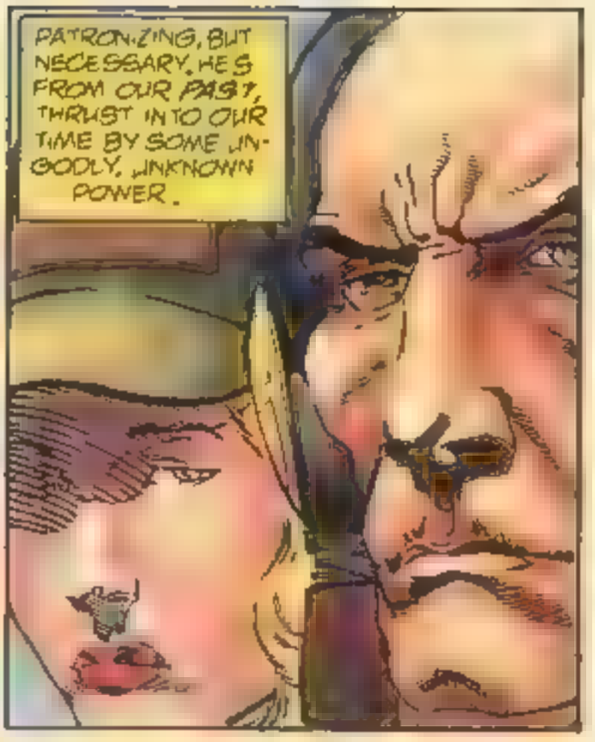
Writer
RAGS MORALES
Penciller
RANDY ELLIOT
Inker
BILL DUNN
& ERIC LUSK
Colorist
BOB LAYTON
Editor-In-Chief

DR. HOWELL: "NO. TUROK IS IN NO ONE'S 'CUSTODY.'
"IT'S NOT HIS FAULT THAT ANY OF THIS HAS HAPPENED TO HIM. WHATEVER TIME HE MIGHT BE FROM, HE'S STILL A U.S. CITIZEN."
AGENT: "YEAH. AT LEAST, HE WILL BE AS SOON AS HE APPLIES FOR HIS SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.
"BY THE WAY, DR. HOWELL, DO REMIND HIM ABOUT THAT, O.K.? WE NEED THE NUMBER FOR OUR FILES."
DR. HOWELL: "SURE. WHATEVER YOU SAY."
END TRANSCRIPT 2-23-93.
ALL FINISHED?
YES, DR. HOWELL. WE CAN GO NOW.
THAT WAS A MORNING PRAYER, WASN'T IT?
YES. IT'S GOOD TO GREET THE SUN, AND TO ASK THE WINDS FOR THEIR BLESSING.
NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO THAT CAMP AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT.
THAT CAMP? SURE. YOU MEAN THE RESERVATION.
PROBABLY TIME FOR THESE KIDS TO GET TO SCHOOL, ANYWAY.


I BROUGHT TUROK TO TANOAN FLATS RESERVATION TWO DAYS AGO IT SEEMED A GOOD PLACE TO START
I HAD TO GET HIM AS FAR AWAY AS I COULD FROM THOSE GOONS IN WASHINGTON
AND THERE ARE RUMORS THAT THE PRESS HAS LEARNED ABOUT HIM TUROK'S SMART BUT HE'S JUST NOT READY FOR THOSE VULTURES YET

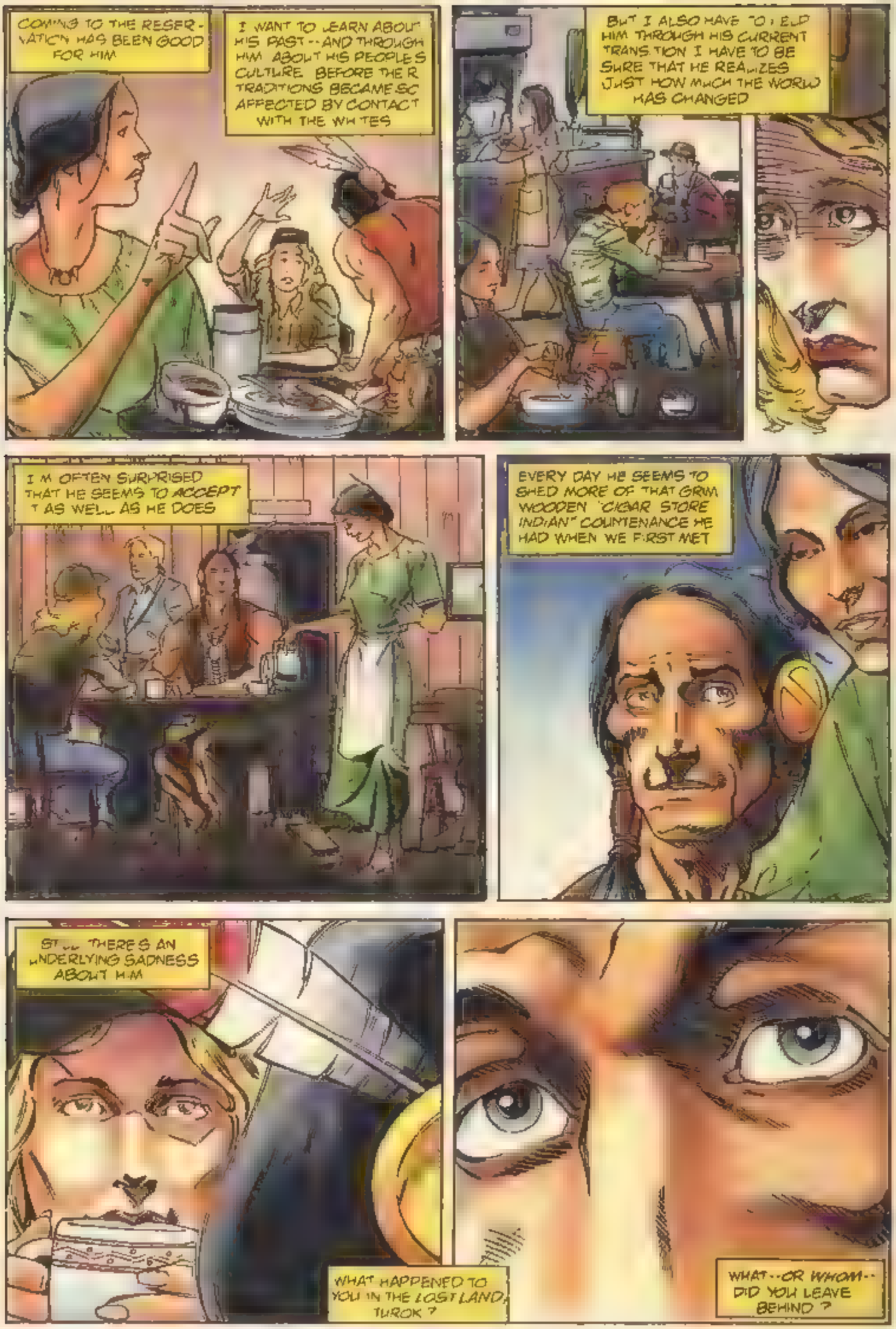

PATRONIZING, BUT NECESSARY. HE'S FROM OUR PAST, THRUST INTO OUR TIME BY SOME UNGODLY, UNKNOWN POWER.

THE CULTURE THAT HE CAME FROM HASN'T EXISTED INTACT FOR 150 YEARS

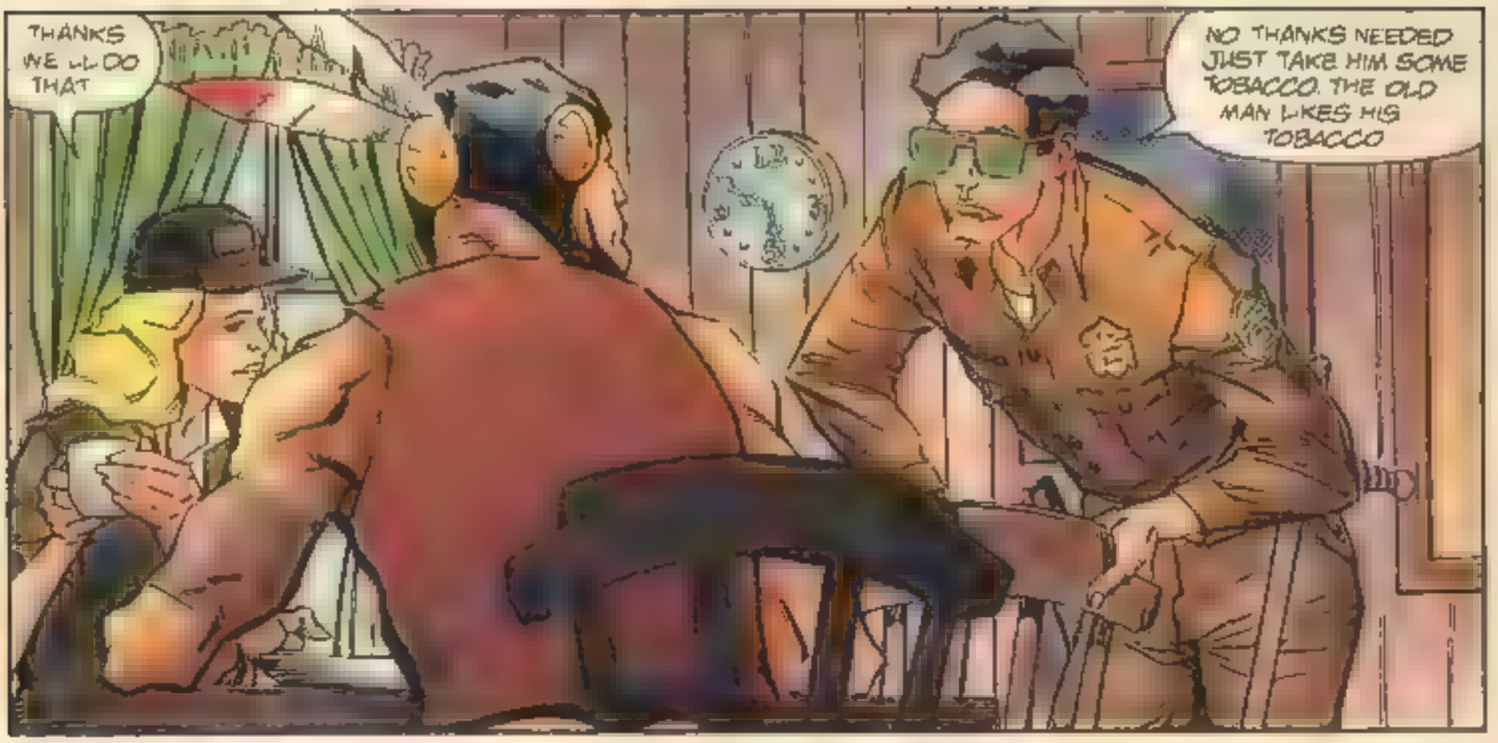
HIS COMMAND OF ENGLISH IS IMPECCABLE.. CERTAINLY BETTER THAN MY KIOWA. SO, UNTIL HE TEACHES ME THE INTRICACIES OF HIS ANCIENT LANGUAGE, WE HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH MINE
PIZZA
STEW

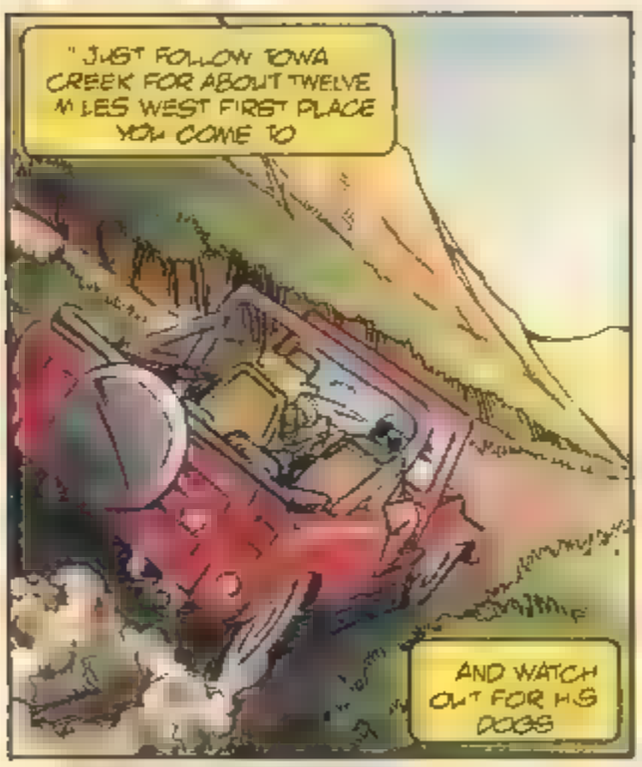
HE SAYS HE LEARNED ENGLISH WHEN HE WAS IN THE POWER OF THE PERSON HE CALLS THE "MOTHERGOD," IN THE LOST LAND.

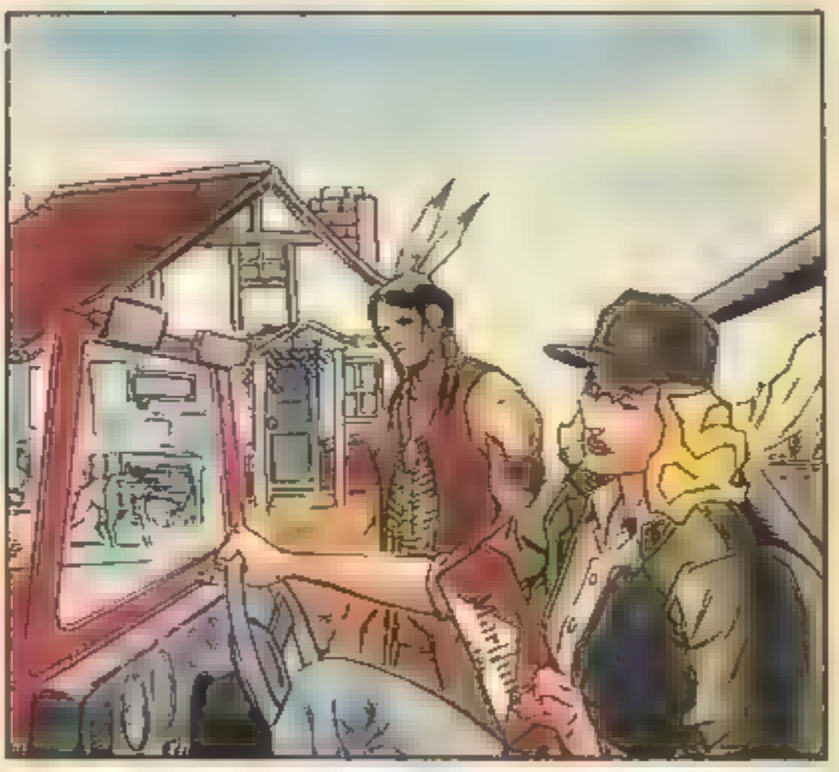
HE TELLS ME THAT HE'D SEEN FEW WHITES BEFORE THEN. THAT HIS OWN PARTICULAR BAND SEPT EVEN SHIED AWAY FROM MEXICAN TRADERS

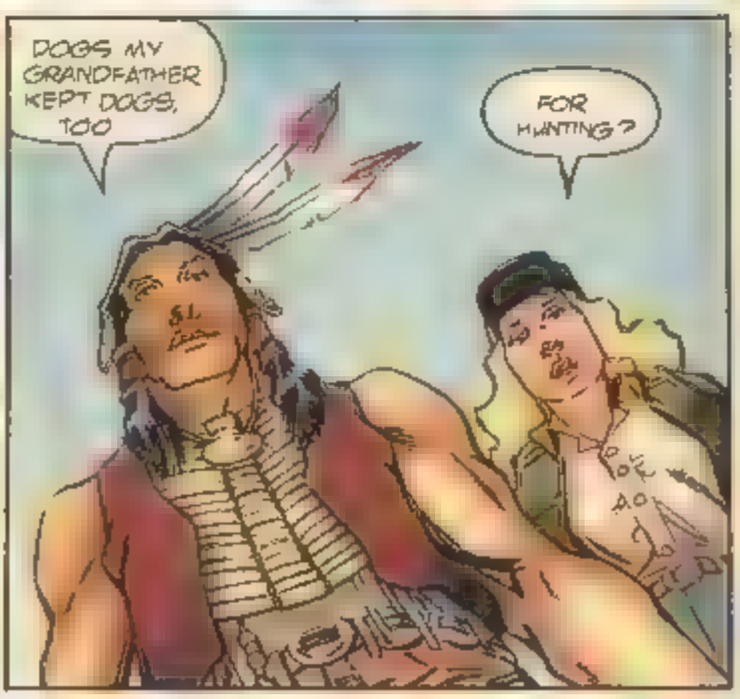

COMING TO THE RESER-VATION HAS BEEN GOOD FOR HIM
I WANT TO LEARN ABOUT HIS PAST -- AND THROUGH HIM ABOUT HIS PEOPLE'S CULTURE BEFORE THEIR TRADITIONS BECAME SO AFFECTED BY CONTACT WITH THE WHITES
BUT I ALSO HAVE TO HELP HIM THROUGH HIS CURRENT TRANSITION I HAVE TO BE SURE THAT HE REALIZES JUST HOW MUCH THE WORLD HAS CHANGED
I'M OFTEN SURPRISED THAT HE SEEMS TO ACCEPT IT AS WELL AS HE DOES
EVERY DAY HE SEEMS TO SHED MORE OF THAT GRIM WOODEN "CIGAR STORE INDIAN" COUNTENANCE HE HAD WHEN WE FIRST MET
STILL THERE'S AN UNDERLYING SADNESS ABOUT HIM
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN THE LOST LAND, TUROK ?
WHAT -- OR WHOM -- DID YOU LEAVE BEHIND ?

AS I SUSPECTED, SOME OF THE PEOPLE HERE ARE ACTUALLY RELATED TO TUROK'S TRIBAL GROUP-- A SMALL BAND OF KIOWA-TANOAN ORIGIN
THEY KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT TUROK WHILE I'M CONSIDERED JUST ANOTHER NOSEY COLLEGE SCIENTIST, THEY SEEM TO HAVE ACCEPTED HIM
THEY CALL HIM SIN-DAH-LAY"-- ELDER BROTHER
SIN-DAH-LAY MIND IF I SIT FOR A FEW MINUTES?
OF COURSE NOT HAVE SOME COFFEE
THANKS
LISTEN I HEAR THAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN LEARNING ABOUT THE OLD WAYS
YES IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS WE'RE VISITING
WELL YOU'VE PROBABLY FOUND OUT FOLKS AROUND HERE CAN BE SHY ABOUT TELLING SUCH THINGS TO OUTSIDERS... NO OFFENSE
NONE TAKEN I'VE RUN INTO IT BEFORE
THE TRUTH IS THAT WE AREN'T LIKE THE NAVAJOS HOPIS AND APACHES IN THE BIG RESERVATIONS TO THE WEST MOST OF OUR FOLKS DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE PAST WAYS, OTHER THAN LEARNING A FEW SONGS AND DANCES FOR POW-WOWS IT'S BAD, I GUESS
WELL, THE SCHOOLS THAT THE GOVERNMENT FORCED INDIAN CHILDREN TO ATTEND 75 YEARS AGO DID THEIR WORK WELL
IT'S HARD FOR KIDS TO LEARN ABOUT THEIR CULTURE WHEN THEY'RE FORBIDDEN TO EVEN SPEAK THEIR OWN LANGUAGE
YEAH GUESS SO
ANYWAY THERE ARE SOME FOLKS OUTSIDE OF TOWN WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU MORE TRADITIONALS
THERE'S ONE OLD MAN IN PARTICULAR I'D LIKE YOU TO CHECK UP ON FOR ME HE'S BEEN SICK, SO I THINK HE'D ENJOY THE COMPANY


THANKS WE LL DO THAT
NO THANKS NEEDED JUST TAKE HIM SOME TOBACCO. THE OLD MAN LIKES HIS TOBACCO

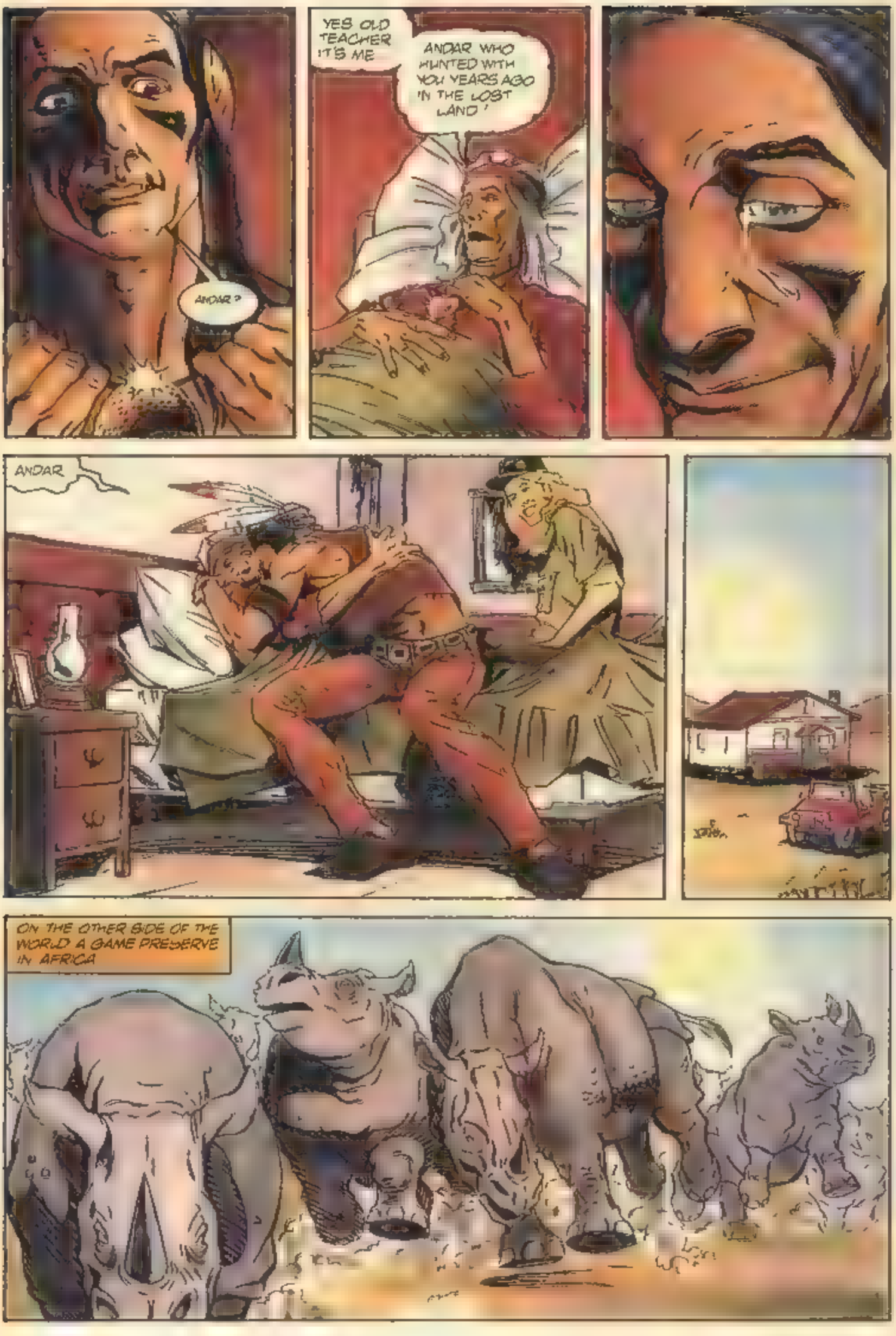

" JUST FOLLOW TOWA CREEK FOR ABOUT TWELVE M LES WEST FIRST PLACE YOU COME TO
AND WATCH OUT FOR HIS DOGS




DOGS MY GRANDFATHER KEPT DOGS, TOO
FOR HUNTING?

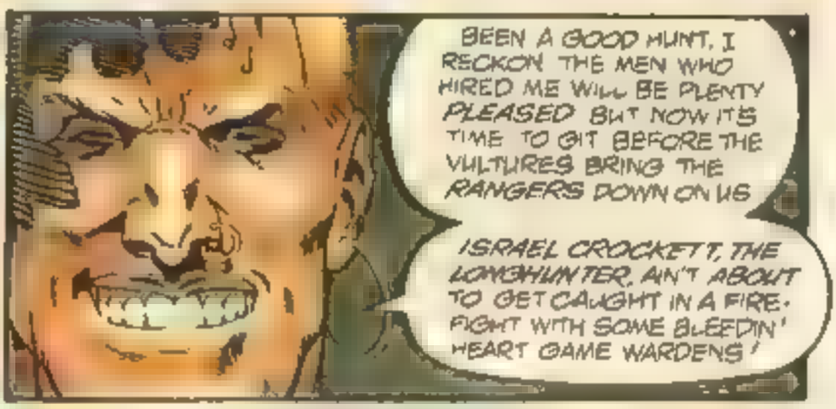
WHY, NO DOGS MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE FOR HUNTING
HE KEPT THEM SO THAT THEY'D BARK IF OUR ENEMIES CAME WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP
THAT OR TO EAT, IF TH NOB GOT LEAN OR WE HAD GUESTS IN CAMP
MAYBE HE'LL NVITE US FOR DINNER F HE LIKES US EH?
SURE MAYBE
IT'S O.K, DR HOWELL. I NEVER CARED MUCH FOR DOG EITHER
JERK
GRAND-FATHER? CAN WE VISIT?
A-WAH-HEH.. COME IN..

HELLO GRAND-FATHER CAN WE SIT DOWN AND TALK WITH YOU?
IF YOU GOT TO. COME CLOSER MY EYES AIN'T SO GOOD
AH GOOD I AIN'T HAD A SMOKE SINCE I HAD MY FEVER MY GRANDSON HE WON'T BRING 'EM TO ME SAYS THEY'RE BAD FOR MY LUNGS
SILLY YOUNGSTER HE WATCHES TOO MUCH TV. THE SMOKE WILL HELP ME BREAK THE FEVER
THERE PUH-LEW THAT SHADE BACK FROM THE WINDOW SO I CAN SEE YOU
N-NO
C-CAN IT BE..?.S'T TRUE ?
TUROK ?
-IS IT REALLY YOU, TUROK ?


ANDAR ?
YES OLD TEACHER IT'S ME
ANDAR WHO HUNTED WITH YOU YEARS AGO 'IN THE LOST LAND'
ANDAR
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD A GAME PRESERVE IN AFRICA

TAKATAKATAK
TAKATATAKAT
TAKKATATA
HAH! NOTH'N' TO T
GO GET THE HORNS BOYS'

JIMBO' CLEAN MY GUN
CAREFUL WITH THEM HORNS, YOU LEFT-HANDED NITWITS! THEY'RE WORTH MORE THAN GOLD ON THE JAPANESE MARKET! TAKE 'EM BACK AND LOAD 'EM ONTO MY COPTER!


BEEN A GOOD HUNT, I RECKON. THE MEN WHO HIRED ME WILL BE PLENTY PLEASED. BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO GIT BEFORE THE VULTURES BRING THE RANGERS DOWN ON US
ISRAEL CROCKETT, THE LONGHUNTER, AIN'T ABOUT TO GET CAUGHT IN A FIRE-FIGHT WITH SOME BLEEDIN' HEART GAME WARDENS!

YEP, IT'S TIME FOR OL CROCKETT TO GET HIS BUTT BACK TO THE GOOD OL U S A

"BOUND TO BE SOME NEW JOB WAITIN ON THE ANSWERIN MACHINE FOR ME WHEN I GET THERE

TIMES STRANGE, THROK ONCE I WAS A YOUNG MAN.. YOUNGER THAN YOU A BOY BUT NOW
REMEMBER THROK ? FOR ME, IT WAS SO LONG AGO BUT FOR YOU I DON'T KNOW
"WE WERE SO BRAVE THEN FOOLISH BUT IT'S GOOD TO BE FOOLISH SOMETIMES. AIN'T T ?
YOU WANTED TO GO WHERE WE HAD NEVER HUNTED BEFORE I WANTED TO LEARN FROM YOU -AND BECOME A MAN WE TRAVELLED FAR AND ENTERED THE LOST LAND.
"HA WE FOUND MEAT ALL RIGHT ! BUT SOMETIMES THE MEAT WANTED TO EAT US !
REMEMBER WHAT WE CALLED THE CREATURES WHEN WE HEARD THE SNORTING SOUNDS THEY MADE ? 'HONKERS' A SILLY NAME MAYBE BUT CALLING THEM THAT MADE US FEAR THEM LESS
"WE LOST OUR WAY ONE DAY, AND COULDN'T FIND THE PATH THAT WOULD LEAD US HOME NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE SEARCHED T SEEMS THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMEBODY THERE TO STOP US FROM FINDING IT
" T SEEMED WE WOULD NEVER FIND THE WAY OUT AND I GUESS WE NEVER DID
"FINALLY, THE TIME CAME FOR ME TO BECOME A MAN, AND BRING HOME MEAT TO MY OWN FAMILY
"SO WE PARTED, SWEARING WE WOULD ONE DAY LEAVE THE LOST LAND TOGETHER.

THEN, ONE DAY THE MOTHERGOD CAME. SHE MADE THINGS BAD FOR MANY PEOPLE
SOME TRIED TO FIGHT HER. THEY COULD NOT. IT WAS AN EVIL TIME
I HEARD THAT YOU'D FALLEN INTO HER POWER. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. BUT THEN ONE DAY, I SAW FOR MYSELF
I WANTED TO HELP YOU. TO CALL TO YOU. TO SEE IF YOU WOULD COME WITH US. I KNEW THAT YOU WOULD
BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH. WHAT WOULD I TELL THE FAMILIES OF THE HUNTERS WHOM I HAD LED TO THEIR DEATHS?
SO WE LEFT. THAT IS THE LAST DAY I EVER SAW YOU
WE HEARD OF YOUR FIGHT WITH THE SMART HONKER CALLED MONARK
BUT BY THAT TIME IT WAS TOO LATE FOR ME TO TRY TO FIND YOU AGAIN. THERE WAS A NEW EVIL IN THE AIR. THE SKY WAS BECOMING FIRE.
"I HAD TO STAY AND PROTECT MY FAMILY
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT BY THAT TIME IT WAS ALL OVER."

I'M SO OLD NOW, TUROK. BUT YOU? YOU LOOK MUCH LIKE YOU DID WHEN I LAST SAW YOU, SO LONG AGO.
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, ANDAR. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MUCH MYSELF. THE SPIRITS HAVE DONE A CRAZY THING TO ME.
ONE DAY, I WAS IN THE LOST LAND, HUNTING MY GREAT ENEMY THE BEAST CALLED MOW-ARK. THE NEXT, I AWOKE IN THIS WORLD -- IN THIS TIME.
AH. I, TOO, SLEPT LIKE THAT. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH LOST LAND WAS SHAKING -- THE WHOLE WORLD ENDING.
BUT WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS AMONG OUR PEOPLE AGAIN. ONLY THEY WERE OLDER THAN WHEN WE LEFT THEM. THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT WHO REMEMBERED YOU AND ME, MY FRIEND.
THAT WAS EIGHTY, NINETY YEARS AGO! I'M AN OLD, OLD MAN NOW. OUR PEOPLE HAD MADE A WAR ON THE WHITES. FINALLY, THE SOLDIERS ROUNDED US UP AND LET US LIVE ON THIS LITTLE PATCH OF LAND.
THEY TOOK OUR CHILDREN FROM US AND TOOK THEM FAR AWAY... PENNSYLVANIA, OR SOMEPLACE. THEY MADE THEM FORGET OUR LANGUAGE, OUR WAYS. MADE THEM DRESS DIFFERENTLY. IT WAS A BAD TIME.
I HAVE A GRANDSON. I'VE TRIED TO TEACH HIM THE OLD WAYS WE KNEW -- THINGS THAT YOU YOURSELF TAUGHT ME. BUT HE'S GOT A HARD HEAD.
I'M TOO OLD TO DO HIM ANY GOOD NOW. BUT I PRAYED THAT I WOULD NOT DIE BEFORE THE SPIRITS SENT A TEACHER FOR THE BOY.
YOU WILL TEACH HIM, TUROK. TAKE HIM. LET HIM KNOW THE OLD WAYS. HE'LL MAKE YOU CRAZY... HE CAN BE A BAD ONE. BUT I KNOW THAT YOU WILL DO THIS THING FOR HIM, AND FOR ME.
PROMISE ME.
YES, ANDAR. I PROMISE
WHERE IS HE NOW?

RRRRUUUMMMM
THAT'S HIM COMIN' HOME NOW, I THINK.
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING BOTHERING MY GRANDPA?
YOUR GRANDSON?
YEAH. MY GRANDSON.
ANDY! PUT THAT GUN AWAY AND COME MAKE US SOME DINNER! THESE PEOPLE ARE MY GUESTS!

COMPANY FIGURES.
RMMRMMRMMRM
WHAT THE..?!
RUN, BOY! GET INSIDE!
RRMMMMMMMRRMMMMRRMM
TUROK? WHAT IS IT?
GET ME A WEAPON, BOY! NOW!
I'M PACKIN' MINE, BIG SHOT. GET YOUR OWN!
RMMMMRRMMMMRRMMMM
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NEXT:
THE LONGHUNTERS!

Cover Colorist: BILL DUNN • Letterer: CHRIS ELIOPOULOS • Editor: KEVIN VAN HOOK